

Hebrew



By Shomit Sirohi

I. Simple Hebrew Customs – the General

Picture of Kabbalah

Perhaps what joins up this broken set of

paragraphs is just the formalism of a

broken vessel – which is also a fruity

branch, or a complex branch on a tree -

each aspect then is photographic - which

can just be lines. Even Marxist political

lines translated to Kabbalistic lines - why

the lines must be as Lenin climbs up the

podium - complex lines.

In one long sentence, Ilaan re-works on the

process of Kabbalah as mathematical

infinite process which then has limits from

sequence to sequence – to re-mark the infinite and become perfect at each step of a chess match, which though is played in the arche of it. It means then that the process is thereby Kabbalistic and Torah joined which means in fact the simple game to be played is then a process which is also in fact in Philosophy – a Marxist thesis on the process against Hegel, and in fact is Ilaan's poem –

In one development,

Marx is insurrection,

And poems,

Are Misery,

Which are French poems,

Or sex,

Which are Spanish poems,

Adjoined to black women to join,

In a process,

Called Kabbalah,

The process,

The process,

Dancing in Incontinence,

Asking her out,

Remaining about the French political

Question,

Why are we so,

Patient.

The onlookers go rigid when the train goes

past. I was walking on the train station

platform, in fact more of a platform person,

who keeps wondering if the meditation on

God's revenge then is really this process,

we call aleatory movements of developing a

process. That if at a certain point I was that

person there, someone young, and

impressionable to the extent that she, or for

that matter some youngsters of Communist

or Jewish orientation, even the liberal mind

was off then on a train, to an event. I would

realise then the demeanour I have cast on
the process as essentially a lost person. Not
really the analytical depth of journeying. As
I know run into a comrade. If he should
forever ask me.' The ah, released from the
sentence, flew off like a ball on the meadow.

His arrival is the death of me. His head in
its collar, his hair arranged immovably on
his hand stroking it, the muscles of his
suitcase below, tensed in their places – Are

the woods still there? The woods were still
almost there. But hardly had my glance
gone ten steps farther when I left off, again
caught up in the tedious conversation. In
the dark woods, on the sodden ground, I
found my way only by the whiteness of my
collar. In a dream I asked the dancer
Eduardova1 to dance the Czardas just one
time more. She had a broad streak of
shadow or light across the middle of her

face between the lower part of her forehead

and the cleft of her chin. Just then someone

with the loathsome gestures of an

unconscious intriguer approached to tell

her the train was leaving immediately. The

manner in which she listened to the train

arriving I meant, made us climb into it. I

meant then the monstrous process of a

philosopher then is needed in Jewish faith,

something about his demeanour will be

God's revenge.

The music playing starts "tune it into

colour" and they talk and rock out.

What then is a prophecy - Ilaan argues then

in Hebrew also Arabic - he gets off his

room, walks downstairs and is speaking

about the story "in cinema" which means to

put a hand out, jazz it, rock around it and
and free it. Just that sign means prophecy -
in one sense it means we can be in fact
panting, and in anxiety and all that - in a
sense going to hospital for a simple case of
distress - but then it makes more sense - in
Arabic - announcing infinity - just being
poetic - that illusion in others causing a
distress in me - we are all moving people.

In a certain sense Mohammad was

travelling like this, in a night so fresh.

In fact Hebrew – a opera and theatre piece

was about Ilaan writing to Marx and music,

even photographic cinema on the question

of in fact Cultural Revolution and Dibendoff

which then is also a simple Hegel music

piece on the crazy woman and her doctor

theory of a party which then articulates
other Jewish people some Christian people
and women performing their Greek swing
theory which then is the drama of Jewish
health called Aleph and Alif series - which
develops a syntactical progress of difficult
lives being freed in materialism of a
parallelism - to in fact a point in life when
Ilaan just ran to help a woman free herself
and was busy in Kabbalistic dancing in the

19th century in fact with Black people - this

story then is one sequence of Aleph - which

is called why in fact Ilaan writes on dancing

so much - why he prefers the axiomatic

removal of the impure process of ill-health

from his dialectical process of working on

music and Marx - because in fact it is a

hallucination on drugs - remark one - when

we cannot listen to Tonal music in fact

there is a crisis in man's behaviour - and

that is called the crisis period in the
irrelevance of Jazz – that busy working on
music is what I live for and it cures.

Hebrew custom means to do it intellectually
– but also in Jewish speeches, lectures and
recordings which are made as what is
called – the line matches – Jewish Hebrew
customs then – and perhaps only when we
hit the Hebrew note.

II.

Wisdom lacks only--eternity. It sees
everything just in a moment of turning your
head side to side with the bodies moving as
well, in a discotheque or in fact in a
conversation. Hence, from the length of
history comes insufficient wisdom.

Hebrew newspapers in their immediate
freshness then printed a lot of Soviet Style
then while smoking cigarettes and working
in winter in recent stories of Lenin and
Trotsky finally with Ilaan in the background
talking in his room. An avant-garde reading
on newspapers published by Lenin and
Leon Trotsky which then is simply what is
called finally to encircle in the Chinese
slang, or to produce such remarks as the

Notebook published by adapted to this process which is simply a more complex notebook – it flows differently because one adapts the notebook to these processes – imagine then that Being, Essence and Concept along with Marx's Doctorate to then have ellipses and develop that with jottings or comments on in fact heuristics, experience or even historiography and such things – this then is a table made and

followed Being, Essence and Concept

Lenin's Side (Karl Korsch and Luckacs)

What is to be Done to be added. Edited

Speeches and Conduct. Trotsky's Side

Avant-gardeism as Line, other Lines to be

added. Cinematic montage added. Malevich

lectures added (his comments are played in

in fact a logic of geometric shapes which are

based on the newspaper in these images -

do not focus on the image but the

newspaper) A Simple Felt Talking Marx's

Doctorate Mao Zedong in Long March.

I meant in fact of course, that spandrels in

the process of Marx's doctorate, should

develop the following thesis - that in fact

Ilaan meant, the process of architecture,

spandrels, is a contemplation in the

Epicurean clinamen in the process of in fact

politics - is it then a clinamen this

development of the logic of Kabbalah – that

it is essentially about the attribute, in

intellectual process being an essence of a

personal conjuncture which then Ilaan

argues develops the poetic clinamen –

something like the musical notation on the

Kabbalah which then is also in fact the

meaning of it in Marx – why he is a poet at

all, and why it is mathematical then – that it

can be joined to mathematics of course that

Spinozan habit called mathematics which is in fact geometry which can also be in fact the meaning of clinamen with Kabbalah in mathematics.

Ilaan is working on then the thesis that photographs is the correct clinamen for the Dibendoff process which in Pascal at another level is choir music – that reflects the person. It just means I am ascendent and so that is Spirit, in the Christian sense

then – which is troubled by others,

certainly.

Certainly of course, I meant that women are

busy dancing and listening to music without

being troubled, or in trouble because I am

telling them a story – a photograph is worth

a lot with the Kabbalah – that economic

reverie also in the Kabbalistic news piece I

recently read as Belano argues that is a

traffic jam in lives because of the convolute

on economics in Marxist senses.

In one development, again

Which develops a movement of the

formalism, of in fact the Ilaan process of

reading, now what did I miss, what was so

refined and yet so limited - so difficult, like

a language I thought was my own, but

expresses someone else intervening in my

own process,

Marx calls this the problem of interference

– when I am fine,

A Simple Incontinence,

Marx is insurrection,

And poems,

Are Misery,

Perhaps that then is another long sentence

which though is not the case, something

like a poem alone which is solved by the

Arabic poem,

Dance, that is all,

True insights.

Which are French poems,

Or sex,

Which are Spanish poems,

Adjoined to black women to join,

In a process,

Called Kabbalah,

The process,

The process,

Dancing in Incontinence,

Asking her out,

Remaining about the French political

Question,

Why are we so,

Patient.

III.

Ilaan then meets the locals who then

Trotsky welcomes the soldiers with honey,

bread and strawberries. Seventy-year-old

Marfa Mezenina has come out of the forest

with her daughter and three grandchildren.

Her son-in-law is in the Red Army. Marfa

has spent eight months in the forest. She and the children are dirty and ragged. They hid corn in a grave and set up a cross on it. The sack rotted, but the grain survived. It hibernated, but didn't die.

In fact in the Spartan story of the three four Spartan light hoppers, where finally organized in the forests, their study of in fact architecture, and a house which then develops modern Rosseuaism and is also

Hebrew to imbibe the difficult passage to

infinity, also called Jewish prophetic

traditions – that we should be attentive to

the next note in fact.

The process then is also

Developing a process,

Which is the philosophical jargon

Of novels,

Which are letters, numbers,

And in fact images,

Which joins the process,

Like Arabic letters join,

I meant,

Insurrection, then in Marx.

This announcement made it clear to me that

she would in fact dance again. 'I am a

wicked, evil woman, am I not?' she said. 'Oh

no,' I said, 'not that,' and turned away

aimlessly. I was at the spot called Calcutta

of course, and went over to the tram at

night, this Jewish experience we said all

fourteen of us. With many going into the

process as a procession.

In a transcendental of this whole process

again one develops the whole process of the

novel - just developing a process in fact

again, on the minimal nature of lives in

Communism, Judaism and Islam, even

Christian life, just that minimal process

depicting an insurrectional forcing on the

whole of Calcutta, by judging as Trotsky

was arguing in his side of the tram with

Lenin, the generalization of the intellectual

affinities and influence to the party line -

which then made it to the Communist Party

and derailed us back to our Delhi.

Part II

Before that I had questioned her about the

many flowers that were stuck into her

girdle. 'They are from all the princes of

Europe,' said she. I pondered as to what

this might mean - that all those fresh

flowers stuck in her girdle had been
presented to the dancer Eduardova by all
the princes of Europe. In fact then the
Queen in England, is told to marry Ilaan - it
is just that process I was developing in
spontaneity - Marx's doctorate, that
essential Marx, which then is divined into
mathematics. The later Marx is lifeless, but
more poetic if joined to the early Marx we
meant - imagine some essential poetry -

like this one I wrote on a woman and man

in French misery which then gets a

mathematical accountant and even an

economist to guide to infinite heights of

expenditure in fact so famous among the

prudent French and now even Spanish

habit - just that tells me it is expensive to

live in capitalist countries - and protests

demonstrate on this speculation - why are

we not wealthy and expensive living people

– and the working class quarters are busy
agitating on wages going up but also
mattering lesser to the whole process of
middle-class costs of living going up.

The workers have a sharp process just the
living wage taken and spent in joy.

The dancer Eduardova, a lover of music,
travels in the tram, as everywhere else, in
the company of two vigorous violinists
whom she makes play often. For there is no

known reason why one should not play in
the tram if the playing is good, pleasing to
the fellow passengers, and costs nothing;
i.e., if the hat is not passed round
afterwards. Of course, at first it is a little
surprising and for a short while everybody
finds it improper. But at full speed, in a
strong breeze and on a silent street, it
sounds quite nice.

The dancer Eduardova is not as pretty in
the open air she felt.

III. Part About Labour and Hebrew

Work is conscience.

To change life, to transform it into a happy

future, one must, from the very beginning

of the struggle, have the seed of this future

within one as an element of personal

character, even though it is hidden from

sight. An insurrectional happiness when

Hindi music plays out the Soviet women

and even finally the Indian Communists and

Jewish people all collected at a dirge for

those killed in the Achillean performances

of a musical. And what should have been

accomplished, but never was, comes to life:

creativity, work, achievement, love--the

whole picture of what might have been, of

life unfulfilled. To depict what was really

destroyed--not just bodies. The great canvas

of life and of lost souls, possibilities.

The highest expression of the people's

drama is their battle with the foe for
existence.

The dead remain at the same eternal age at
which they died.

But I meant something different - in the
opera which then develops and repeats in
this work - one develops the argument that

it is to rock music, rap music, and even
Hindi music - and this then is Communist,

but also Jewish – what was called joy. That

in fact the intellectual love of God is that

meaning of difficulties we were previously

experiencing being changed to in fact

utopian valences – that should be precise in

fact.

Part III

A soldier in hospital, badly wounded, talks

to his dead comrades at night. In fact then

an immortal achievement Belano argues

that we insurrect with Soviet Union and

then develop cinema on Chinese mass line

and articulate it to the process called

practical on all matters - but there is also

literary practices I meant - in that Alenette

sense - that change valences into literary or

theatrical and even Messianic beyond the

poetic love for in fact infinity or even love.

The process then is also

Developing a process,

Which is the philosophical jargon

Of novels,

Which are letters, numbers,

And in fact images,

Which joins the process,

Like Arabic letters join,

I meant,

Insurrection, then in Marx.

Marder is simple - so is life- it means that a

woman was dancing with a man who was a

Prophet following Jewish custom and

explaining to her life, spiritual life.

Professor Inarto comments on the complex

elliptical lines articulated to the main line

which then is intersectional as Cultural

Revolution in fact – where distress is simply

solved as realizing its spirituality he means

– he'll point out – that point there in that

intersection – where I am with you and I am

with Zionists is called Messianic, it also

means the next day you are free.

Women dancing, and drunk on rum and coke and a lot of this stuff - complex stuff - that elapses and a line in pure fiction - that is Marder. In Jewish traditions. In fact the Marder is a tradition which I named - many Jewish names in Hebrew then - which sound Marder-like which includes 'Escarra' which means in fact to create a moment with photographic images in the process of lines and complex elapses which is called

escara which means in fact Scara escaping

death with Ilaan who is busy writing in his

table and viewing some super8 mm

developments on this process one can

intervene in.

At another level the French communist

party contacts Ilaan and tells him to just go

French on the matter then.

II.

Man learns nothing from pleasure.

Love for a child is love for the well-spring of

your own heart.

I meant then

“Perhaps I was in a mood, as Marx calls

Jewish works and his impression of the

Talmud – which though is more miserable

than one thinks."

"When I see someone on the tram who looks

like me, I get off."

In fact Hebrew – a opera and theatre piece

was about Ilaan writing to Marx and music,

even photographic cinema on the question

of in fact Cultural Revolution and Dibendoff

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Ilaan just ran to help a woman free herself
and was busy in Kabbalistic dancing in the

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is called why in fact Ilaan writes on dancing

so much - why he prefers the axiomatic

removal of the impure process of ill-health

from his dialectical process of working on

music and Marx - because in fact it is a

hallucination on drugs - remark one - when

we cannot listen to Tonal music in fact

there is a crisis in man's behaviour - and

that is called the crisis period in the
irrelevance of Jazz – that busy working on
music is what I live for and it cures

If you live true to your spirit, your heart, by
achievement, sacrifice, and duty, then there
won't be any problems, and there won't be
any yearning for immortality and so forth.

All these things come from an uneasy
conscience.

Where else does what is good and noble
come from, but from doing, from straining
one's utmost, from self-sacrifice?

Two kinds of old men: the first grow old and
conduct themselves like the ancients in
Pushkin; the others are eternally youthful,
ageless scamps.

It's easy to love a woman, for it means

loving yourself.

A man doesn't know himself, he must be

discovered by the writer.

Finally, after five months of my life during

which I could write nothing that would have

satisfied me, and for which no power will

compensate me, though all were under

obligation to do so, it occurs to me to talk to

myself again. Whenever I really questioned

myself, there was always a response

forthcoming, there was always something in

me to catch fire. Now joking on the process

of reflection and talking which then jokes

its way into infinity, that in fact there is a

pure joke and a classification of Marx just

as Hegel – that one can tell Marx means

more than Hegel that idealistic logic of a

classification, that perhaps a Jewish health

is then phenomenology, theology and higher

Kabbalistic reason which in turn is because

of Brumiare's of course, being ordered into

the factor called Zionist, which means it

revolutionizes it in fact and makes it

militant which Marx classifies his way, more

brilliantly of course embellished as it were

with the simple process a economic

meaning to the matter but actually poetry

in fact – that a woman was nearly killed, a

Jewish killing developed as consequence,

and we were killing people and divine

killing people - if only we could help in that

Mardar of life. This then is not the self-

evident fact that it is a Jewish process

which is revolting, but in fact a poem -

Mardar then, Murder, which is overcome by

Jewish militancy - as Professor Renaren

walks up to the class in Jewish school in

Israel - are we listening to this process, can

we revolt. Read Marx all about this real
deed, this real educational process, which
though must spiritualise – cool off of course,
which is simply the Alif section developing
another poem – he is Alif, that infinite man,
that poet who is busy falling into ground
beneath the floor in his ground floor simple
Nagarjuna house. He is then in fact waking
up in coca cola ways and drinking the spirit,
as a joke on both Hegel and Kant – what if

then to drink is a matter of in fact getting

drunk and drinking further till one vomits,

and hung over again, one cannot speak to a

lover looking for an answer, why. If only

that would happen to me! And tenfold ought

that to happen to me, for I do not even

regret this unhappy time. My condition is

not unhappiness, but it is also not

happiness, not indifference, not weakness,

not fatigue, not another interest – so what

is it then? That I do not know this is probably connected with my inability to write. And without knowing the reason for it, I believe I understand the latter. All those things, that is to say, those things which occur to me, occur to me not from the root up but rather only as Spiritual.

IV. Buddhist metaphysics – Perception

tricks in Dibendoff manners perhaps

then, women that keep saying ‘Tu

que’.

Develop for me that poem – that in fact a

young man is writing and proving things

called just experience at its highest in a

process of music. What does it mean to you

– what you are saying – alright.

V. Jewish Experiences

So in fact a simple detail, which is about the wallet, which becomes an economic plan.

Another detail, like ear-rings and beads becomes a trope on fashion. Another detail, on clothing and style becomes a theory of performance for philosophy. In fact then

another theory of economic forms –

becomes a detail on the process of shops –

ships become then a metaphor of travelling,

which becomes the simple meaning of

hanging out on beaches.

A number of diagonalisations to the

singular universal then which means in one

sense – a man is reading a novel, and this

becomes in one sense a Jewish experience

that he understood black rights through it.

That then shifts to the next novel, which

was about revolts and history - in Soviet

Union, that ten days that mattered to

history, which can be in another sense a

woman reading Franz Kafka as in fact a

Czech story which is transposed to the plan

for Israel - all about literature theory

guiding it.

Dances develop the theory of Werkmeister

Harmoniac and then that becomes a theme

of heroism, which then cuts across to

people running in a cathedral to enact

freedom, which becomes – in fact black

women developing a dance in a room which

is about freedom.

Ilaan is busy smoking and developing Marx

as a poet of Judaism – that in fact the Jewish

news is about a thrilling Messianic event in

a room on Dibendoff - high on Profane

Illuminations of course that it gives on a

simple film theory developing the meaning

of Hebrew complexity in Kabbalah - which

is simply a distress called parties we all are

celebrating in our lives.

Ilaan is reading Marx, and developing a Jewish question – that in fact at one angle of an image called high images for cinema then is the Marxist point – that in fact in seriousness then this point developed Dibendoff cuts, and angles and complexities at another level Jewish freedoms in literature and finally also Messianic things like a freedom to live freely which is then at one point – Poincare – which means daily

life proves it all but also with in fact a

alignment here to Judaism being free -

which cuts to a point in a girl's life which is

free which all means we are Incontinent

dancers which means at another level -

Lost Highway usually after this process I

am driver in.

The process then is also

Developing a process,

Which is the philosophical jargon

Of novels,

Which are letters, numbers,

And in fact images,

Which joins the process,

Like Arabic letters join,

I meant,

Insurrection, then in Marx.

Them, let someone attempt to seize a blade

of grass and hold fast to it when it begins to

grow only from the middle. Can we then

understand Spiritual jazz dialectics. I

cannot do this simple parable - its not the

real thing. This ladder climbing of Hegel

process which talks about the concrete

process of violence which then becomes a

ladder of course being the Edinic Quranic

metaphor and Spiritual life - that we might

climb and abstract the process into infinity

which then is simple the nature of minds

and intellectual lovers of God - which is just

its process of a ladder - Hegel's ladder then

means the concrete violence is also then at

another level the process being asserted as

violent to the Prophet and then in a third

level his resurrection, which is at the fourth

a Messianic night, and at fifth back to

himself - which then is the vertical process

coming back - like a simple day in the night

of a man who is drunk, God drunk then in

Spinoza which then is the Quranic version

of ladders - diamonds after diamonds

reflecting on his Snowflake - like a process

of self-reflection in the fractal - that

develops a French conversation these days

– so afterall where will you stay lady. And if

then I should appear before that sentence

once, lured by that sentence, just as, for

instance, I was last Christmas, when I was

so far gone that I was barely able to control

myself and when I seemed really on the last

rung of my ladder, which, however, rested

quietly on the ground and against a wall.

But what ground, what a wall! And yet that

ladder.

IV. Buddhist metaphysics – Perception

tricks in Dibendoff manners perhaps

then, women that keep saying 'Tu

que'.

Develop for me that poem – that in fact a

young man is writing and proving things

called just experience at its highest in a

process of music. What does it mean to you

– what you are saying – alright.

I. Dibendoff

The most brilliant comment or commentary

on Judaism, happens to be Scholem who

argues chess at all times – like the

movement of ballet with chess then is a

spiritual complexity which then develops a

defensive group of people who are then by

a movement of perhaps intellectual type

victorious as one argues for a personal

conjuncture. All Jewish things are personal

conjunctures made into theological forms

and is also then in fact a Israel culture.

Dibendoff is the suggestion from Ilaan.

Borges is busy reading out a parable - A

Jewish man is reading music to free the people of Israel – he depicts the meaning being Jewish he does not know – that we are in fact following a rational kernel to Marx and in fact Marx as in fact a joker who is busy proving here that this process cuts into several lines of Kabbalah – at one level cursive goes better, at another level music goes better – all of this because of the point

– a Jewish experience developed here – you see.

Ilaan is reading Marx, and developing a

Jewish question – that in fact at one angle

of an image called high images for cinema

then is the Marxist point – that in fact in

seriousness then this point developed

Dibendoff cuts, and angles and complexities

at another level Jewish freedoms in

literature and finally also Messianic things

like a freedom to live freely which is then at

one point - Poincare - which means daily

life proves it all but also with in fact a

alignment here to Judaism being free -

which cuts to a point in a girl's life which is

free which all means we are Incontinent

dancers which means at another level -

Lost Highway usually after this process I

am driver in.

– that one can also follow more Jewish experiences, all through in fact in the sense of music, and choir, and Jewish music in fact to guide one through the personal conjuncture of Jewish fact of life as they admit to him on his difficult condition of imbibition actually.

Dibendoff means - three things - first a cut,

on Spinoza - then in fact a cut on practical

Cubism in the sense of Cultural Revolution,

and then finally the angles, and complex

angles of the matter - Sirohi gives another

diamond Islam argues to the Jewish people

in his crisis - to tell the Prophecy of their

permanent revolution.

II. Lectur forcing

To triangulate Kabbalah in one presentation

meaning a spiritual synthesis to help people

which is also though a fused group to

liberate which then becomes in a second

meaning practical Dibendoff cuts and then

from it the process of a Line and finally just

that – it is a line drawn on a board which

then describes – a Jewish line which means

in fact it is a line that is all – in that line one

convolutes and develops convolutes, one

can say – in a genius comment it makes us

genius this process and frees up the Jewish

process – one word for convoluted Aleph

behaviour is in fact practical agitation – but

also in fact Jewish health – which means in

fact to complexly analyse the line – with

now Dibendoff added.

What then is a prophecy - Ilaan argues then

in Hebrew also Arabic - he gets off his

room, walks downstairs and is speaking

about the story "in cinema" which means to

put a hand out, jazz it, rock around it and

and free it. Just that sign means prophecy -

in one sense it means we can be in fact

panting, and in anxiety and all that - in a

sense going to hospital for a simple case of

distress - but then it makes more sense - in

Arabic – announcing infinity – just being
poetic – that illusion in others causing a
distress in me – we are all moving people.

In a certain sense Mohammad was
travelling like this, in a night so fresh.

In fact Hebrew - a opera and theatre piece

was about Ilaan writing to Marx and music,

even photographic cinema on the question

of in fact Cultural Revolution and Dibendoff

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piece on the crazy woman and her doctor

theory of a party which then articulates

other Jewish people some Christian people

and women performing their Greek swing

theory which then is the drama of Jewish

health called Aleph and Alif series - which

develops a syntactical progress of difficult

lives being freed in materialism of a

parallelism - to in fact a point in life when

Ilaan just ran to help a woman free herself

and was busy in Kabbalistic dancing in the

19th century in fact with Black people - this

story then is one sequence of Aleph - which

is called why in fact Ilaan writes on dancing

so much - why he prefers the axiomatic

removal of the impure process of ill-health

from his dialectical process of working on

music and Marx - because in fact it is a

hallucination on drugs - remark one - when

we cannot listen to Tonal music in fact

there is a crisis in man's behaviour - and

that is called the crisis period in the

irrelevance of Jazz - that busy working on

music is what I live for and it cures.

Hebrew custom means to do it intellectually

– but also in Jewish speeches, lectures and

recordings which are made as what is

called – the line matches – Jewish Hebrew

customs then – and perhaps only when we

hit the Hebrew note.

The process then is also

Developing a process,

Which is the ensemble analysis in a Jacobin

march

Of novels,

Which are letters, numbers,

And in fact images,

Which joins the process,

Like Arabic letters join,

I meant,

Insurrection, then in Marx.

Which then is about Arab protests in more

detailed light,

Which is then an Israel poem,

At a third level,

What if Marx meant poems are also

In Languages.

Like El espanolas la amor la Profe, estilo,

Y esto es la profesor,

De amor,

A mathematics of the feminist movement,

Which means everything is just gliding

usually.

Like a film,

Which is about them,

El professor, y el mujer,

En la proceso de pianismo,

Que es la totalidad de infinito,

En la Espana perhaps - if only he was there.

Or all of us Arab travellers, who settle in

Basra,

That Highest poverty.

The meaning of the Infinite, goes upwards

in numbers,

And downwards like sex,

Like sex,

Direct, and spontaneous.

III. Dibendoff with the Line

Earlier Ilaan gifted the Jewish people with a

line and its arc which was complex he

meant in Dibendoff cuts, which is made in

essays - he means - but then he argues in

the present diamond he gifts the Jewish

people - one develops practical cubism on

the line based on cinema of Jewish

experiences - now my judgement is clearer.

I. Dibendoff

IV. I meant an imaging power of a

Kabbalistic process actually. I meant

just find a number of spheres and

image them, and that is a Dibendoff

cut. Which means then in Sirohi - to

draw a line, image it in cinema - only

an image, just an image which is

photographic and then cut it. Angle it,

as it is said. Now develop a Jewish
experience – and if one is brilliant free
it up for spiritual freedoms – which are
the realization that we are – Hebrew
and free. Dibendoff

The most brilliant comment or commentary
on Judaism, happens to be Scholem who
argues chess at all times – like the
movement of ballet with chess then is a

spiritual complexity which then develops a

defensive group of people who are then by

a movement of perhaps intellectual type

victorious as one argues for a personal

conjuncture. All Jewish things are personal

conjunctures made into theological forms

and is also then in fact a Israel culture.

Dibendoff is the suggestion from Ilaan-

Belano is busy arguing in section I of

Mardera it is actually like Lorcani which

means archaic stuff, you get that, Lorcani

and Marderanete was busy reading like

Ilaan to improve his health and that is all

he could do, like a proof came out of it,

that's what it means. It was for that Ilaan

rejoiced. that one can also follow more

Jewish experiences, all through in fact in

the sense of music, and choir, and Jewish

music in fact to guide one through the

personal conjuncture of Jewish fact of life

as they admit to him on his difficult

condition of imbibition actually.

Dibendoff means - three things - first a cut,

on Spinoza - then in fact a cut on practical

Cubism in the sense of Cultural Revolution,

and then finally the angles, and complex

angles of the matter - Ilaan is busy reading

pictures in Quranic forms of women, it

gives another diamond Islam argues to the

Jewish people in his crisis - to tell the

Prophecy of their permanent revolution.

* * *

Wisdom lacks only--eternity. That word

which is here simple Torah and Communism

- with Islamic baroque performances I

meant of in fact an image of young people

debating in Soviet Union which can be then

Jewish experiences of talking on the phone

- and in fact is also stories all stories

afterall we tell each other.

... The locals welcome the soldiers with

honey, bread and strawberries. Seventy-

year-old Marfa Mezenina has come out of

the forest with her daughter and three

grandchildren. Her son-in-law is in the Red

Army. Marfa has spent eight months in the

forest. She and the children are dirty and ragged. They hid corn in a grave and set up a cross on it. The sack rotted, but the grain survived. It hibernated, but didn't die.

Work is conscience. Art consists in expressing what is most complicated by the most simple means. It is the highest form of economy. It also means something that is poetic is to read its simple infinity - that in

fact there is a crisis which then is resolved by music.

The truth has a great failing: it regards itself as a blessing, and wants at all costs to become common property.

But that utopian construction is available in a Torah room.

The drama of a great and simple life. A little

boy aged two or three walks weeping round

an empty wooden table in a poor flat. He is

in fact then in a wealthier flat, the young

man is busy writing. Belano argues this

process is infinitising us – that we can even

study the empirical fact of this in images

and curate it to a dance performance –

which gets like a lightness if one wanted –

what is called Messianic, that is the process

– to in fact develop that lecture then or power.

Art cannot abide in Soviet Union, that

waste of a bourgeois period-it must be filled

with life and people, as a meadow with

grasses. Which then is smoking cigarettes

in permanent revolution. Israel agrees to

Cultural Revolution finally and has Jewish

experiences with these words – as it

develops simple stories of revolt, like a

bunch of young people grouped in a fused

group – that is simple Torah groups.

"When I see someone on the tram who looks

like me, I get off."

A man is smoking and talking and getting

onto the bus, and meeting – he is in fact

Trotsky – he is alive today.

If you live true to your spirit, your heart, by

achievement, sacrifice, and duty, then there

won't be any problems, and there won't be

any yearning for immortality and so forth.

All these things come from an uneasy
conscience.

Where else does what is good and noble
come from, but from doing, from straining
one's utmost, from self-sacrifice?

Lenin crosses to a meeting in a debating
hall. A man doesn't know himself, he must
be discovered by the writer.

I. Buddhist metaphysics – Perception

tricks in Dibendoff manners perhaps

then, women that keep saying ‘Tu

que’.

Develop for me that poem – that in fact a

young man is writing and proving things

called just experience at its highest in a

process of music. What does it mean to you

– what you are saying – alight.

V. Lectur forcing

To triangulate Kabbalah in one presentation

meaning a spiritual synthesis to help people

which is also though a fused group to

liberate which then becomes in a second

meaning practical Dibendoff cuts and then

from it the process of a Line and finally just

that – it is a line drawn on a board which

then describes – a Jewish line which means

in fact it is a line that is all – in that line one

convolutes and develops convolutes, one

can say – in a genius comment it makes us

genius this process and frees up the Jewish

process – one word for convoluted Aleph

behaviour is in fact practical agitation – but

also in fact Jewish health – which means in

fact to complexly analyse the line – with

now Dibendoff added.

VI. Dibendoff with the Line

Earlier Ilaan gifted the Jewish people with a

line and its arc which was complex he

meant in Dibendoff cuts, which is made in

essays - he means - but then he argues in

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experiences - now my judgement is clearer.

الديالكتيك المادي - الفلسفة الفرنسية

إن عكس هيجل، بالنسبة للنواة المادية التي هي نواة

عقلانية، هو في النهاية ماركس وهيجل جديدان يتعلقان

بالموضوع المفاهيمي وهذا فقط - لإنتاج شكلية علمية

في المفهوم والتي على الرغم من دفعها بشكل أكبر

ضد طوبولوجيا الحركة المفاهيمية إلى عكس الموضوع

- الحقيقي المسمى بالذاتي

القراءة المعاكسة هي الأكثر صحة - ليس أنها تتعلق

بشكل أساسي بالبنية والبنوية والبنوية، وأخيراً السببية

البنوية والسياسة - ولكن في الواقع العكس - كل هذا

يفتح للموضوع تدخل الموضوع بالمعنى السياسي الذي

هو أيضاً حرية الأفراد - الموضوع هو قوة القوة الذاتية

لأفكار الحياة - يسميها سير وهي الجري، ومثل هذه

الاستعارات - يعني في النهاية أن الحجة ليست البنوية

، وحدها ولكن في الواقع الحياة والوجودية وما إلى ذلك

يُزعم جيدك أن أفضل طريقة للتقطاف الفلسفية

الفرنسية هي الحركة المعاكسة - الجدلية المادية هي

عملية البنية، والتشكيل بالطبع، ولكن أيضًا معنى الوجود

الذي في سير وهي هو في النهاية الوجود العام - والذي

على الرغم من أنه كما يُزعم كورنيل ويست يشبه

موسيقى الراب التي يتم العيش عليها والرقص عليها

في الفنادق - مثل هذه الصور مجانية، حرية، حرية كاملة

. - تخيل ريتامار يركض ومثل هذه الإنسانية

II. Jewish customs

To fold the clothes and give it to a tailor,
and then get it back for someone else is a
Jewish custom. Like that to write essays, in
perfect manners is also Jewish custom –
tradition is intellectual and manual labour

in Hebrew senses at all times - to judge a

ship, in the Greek period in construction

and to corroborate that to experience is

then Jewish custom - to articulate the

problem of in fact spectacles and their

formalism for the process of in fact imaging

cinema is then Jewish cinema, all of this is

then complexly about inventions - an

invention is glass and art which produces

an image on the formalism of in fact a

painting simply that is abstract art. In fact

Hebrew – a opera and theatre piece was

about Ilaan writing to Marx and music, even

photographic cinema on the question of in

fact Cultural Revolution and Dibendoff

which then is also a simple Hegel music

piece on the crazy woman and her doctor

theory of a party which then articulates

other Jewish people some Christian people

and women performing their Greek swing

theory which then is the drama of Jewish health called Aleph and Alif series – which develops a syntactical progress of difficult lives being freed in materialism of a parallelism – to in fact a point in life when Ilaan just ran to help a woman free herself and was busy in Kabbalistic dancing in the 19th century in fact with Black people – this story then is one sequence of Aleph – which is called why in fact Ilaan writes on dancing

so much – why he prefers the axiomatic removal of the impure process of ill-health from his dialectical process of working on music and Marx – because in fact it is a hallucination on drugs – remark one – when we cannot listen to Tonal music in fact there is a crisis in man's behaviour – and that is called the crisis period in the irrelevance of Jazz – that busy working on music is what I live for and it cures.

Hebrew custom means to do it intellectually

- but also in Jewish speeches, lectures and

recordings which are made as what is

called - the line matches - Jewish Hebrew

customs then - and perhaps only when we

hit the Hebrew note.

Its meaning is then divined in the art's naïve

or complex process and its intellectual

Hebrew meaning - which means that in fact

the stroke made in a complex way then
means to intellectual tradition – that it is a
convoluted path to freedom – which frees
up in Dibendoff cuts as in fact a woman
getting killed nearly which is now the
process imaged then as faint images of in
fact a person who is busy curating his room
with perhaps capital which is then wealth
that is private wealth as well, which is busy
in curation.

I. Dibendoff

The most brilliant comment or commentary

on Judaism, happens to be Scholem who

argues chess at all times – like the

movement of ballet with chess then is a

spiritual complexity which then develops a

defensive group of people who are then by

a movement of perhaps intellectual type

victorious as one argues for a personal
conjuncture. All Jewish things are personal
conjunctures made into theological forms
and is also then in fact a Israel culture.

When I think about it, I must say that my
education has done me great harm in some
respects. I was not, as a matter of fact,
educated in any out-of-the-way place, in a
ruin,- something against which in fact I

could not have brought myself to say a word

of reproach. In spite of the risk of all my

former teachers not understanding this, I

should prefer most of all to have been such

a little dweller in the ruins, even though I

might have been weak at first under the

pressure of my good qualities, which would

have grown tall in me with the might of

weeds. Can we then study Cannabis - the

reflection of grass I meant sees a man

walking up and down in crazy innocence of

course, he is screwed, but then is also

symphony and can be free by a reflection -

that Arabic reflection in the sense that in

fact at one point he says to a woman, a

black woman in fact - why cannot we know

the Prophecy beforehand, a black man says

- Ortega y Gasset that is what we mean.

.

Dibendoff is the suggestion from Ilaan -

that one can also follow more Jewish

experiences, all through in fact in the sense

of music, and choir, and Jewish music in

fact to guide one through the personal

conjuncture of Jewish fact of life as they

admit to him on his difficult condition of

imbibition actually.

What then is a prophecy - Ilaan argues then

in Hebrew also Arabic - he gets off his

room, walks downstairs and is speaking

about the story "in cinema" which means to

put a hand out, jazz it, rock around it and

and free it. Just that sign means prophecy -

in one sense it means we can be in fact

panting, and in anxiety and all that - in a

sense going to hospital for a simple case of

distress - but then it makes more sense - in

Arabic – announcing infinity – just being
poetic – that illusion in others causing a
distress in me – we are all moving people.

In a certain sense Mohammad was

travelling like this, in a night so fresh.

Dibendoff means – three things – first a cut,

on Spinoza – then in fact a cut on practical

Cubism in the sense of Cultural Revolution,

and then finally the angles, and complex
angles of the matter - Ilaan is busy racing
through streets and running to meet Isiah -
is this also an opera he asks - highlight
that. It gives another diamond Islam argues
to the Jewish people in his crisis - to tell the
Prophecy of their permanent revolution.

II. Lectur forcing

To triangulate Kabbalah in one presentation

meaning a spiritual synthesis to help people

which is also though a fused group to

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meaning practical Dibendoff cuts and then

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fact to complexly analyse the line – with

now Dibendoff added.

III. Dibendoff with the Line

Earlier Ilaan is busy in Dibendoff type

imagininations of the opera and was meeting

people in fact in stylish opera acting. He

gifted the Jewish people with a line and its

arc which was complex he meant in

Dibendoff cuts, which is made in essays – he

means - but then he argues in the present

diamond he gifts the Jewish people - one

develops practical cubism on the line based

on cinema of Jewish experiences - now my

judgement is clearer.

I. Buddhist metaphysics - Perception

tricks in Dibendoff manners perhaps

then, women that keep saying 'Tu

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Develop for me that poem - that in fact a

young man is writing and proving things

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- what you are saying - alight.

II. Kabbalah then in Complex Manners

I. From the Wallet theory - Daily Life in

Jewish Hebrew Intellectual Manners

then develops the materialist meaning

of Kabbalah - You see Professor Inarto

argues - that in fact there is a

intellectual mannerism in labour

which is then its whole materialism

but it is afteral spiritual the point.

From in fact the wallet - to in fact the

room and its Torah logic to in fact chess

games, and even games which are well

done like a simple hopscotch then - why

not then find simple Hebrew - that simple

process Professor Inarto meant, - when it

is getting hard and violent for us - it is

because in fact the process was revolting

people – agitating people in the context of

a game – we have complaints of history,

even architecture, and spandrels in the

sense of pure questions as well – all of

this is insurrection and in fact all that

beauty, all that violence of finally the

revolt winning.

II. Marder (A Hebrew story)

Marder is simple - so is life- it means that a

woman was dancing with a man who was a

Prophet following Jewish custom and

explaining to her life, spiritual life.

Professor Inarto comments on the complex

elliptical lines articulated to the main line

which then is intersectional as Cultural

Revolution in fact - where distress is simply

solved as realizing its spirituality he means

- he'll point out - that point there in that

intersection - where I am with you and I am

with Zionists is called Messianic, it also

means the next day you are free.

Women dancing, and drunk on rum and

coke and a lot of this stuff - complex stuff -

that elapses and a line in pure fiction - that

is Marder. In Jewish traditions.

Soviet Style then while smoking cigarettes

and working in winter in recent stories of

Lenin and Trotsky finally with Ilaan in the

background talking in his room. An avant-

garde reading on newspapers published by

Lenin and Leon Trotsky which then is

simply what is called finally to encircle in

the Chinese slang, or to produce such

remarks as the Notebook published by

adapted to this process which is simply a

more complex notebook - it flows
differently because one adapts the notebook
to these processes - imagine then that
Being, Essence and Concept along with
Marx's Doctorate to then have ellipses and
develop that with jottings or comments on
in fact heuristics, experience or even
historiography and such things - this then is a
table made and followed Being, Essence
and Concept Lenin's Side (Karl Korsch and

Luckacs) What is to be Done to be added.

Edited Speeches and Conduct. Trotsky's

Side Avant-gardeism as Line, other Lines to

be added. Cinematic montage added.

Malevich lectures added (his comments are

played in in fact a logic of geometric shapes

which are based on the newspaper in these

images – do not focus on the image but the

newspaper) A Simple Felt Talking Marx's

Doctorate Mao Zedong in Long March.

I. Dibendoff

The most brilliant comment or commentary

on Judaism, happens to be Scholem who

argues chess at all times – like the

movement of ballet with chess then is a

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victorious as one argues for a personal
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Dibendoff is the suggestion from Ilaan –
that one can also follow more Jewish
experiences, all through in fact in the sense
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Christ in fact is first drinking, then hung-

over then recovered and then congealed

and finally free. It is just that Christ who

lived it - it can be on another day

Mohammad who is busy in fact walking

with women and developing a parable that

he is going to die, in anxiety on a poisoning

incident and suffering and recovering - this

though is a desert parable, which means

how will I escape death - Ilaan just acts out

instead the process as defineltly what is called a Jewish parable - why cannot we just enter the door as Al-Mutasim wants - it has to be well read, and then we answer the question - one has to as it were perform a miracle. And then ballet.

Part II

IV. Dibendoff

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diamond Islam argues to the Jewish people

in his crisis – to tell the Prophecy of their

permanent revolution.

When I think about it, I must say that my

revolt has done me great harm in some

respects. This reproach applies to a

multitude of people – that is to say, my

parents, several relatives, individual visitors

to our house, various writers, a certain

particular cook who took me to school for a

year, a crowd of teachers (whom I must

press tightly together in my memory,

otherwise one would drop out here and

there – but since I have pressed them

together so, the whole mass crumbles away

bit by bit anyhow), a school inspector,

slowly walking passers-by; in short, this

reproach twists through society like a

dagger. And no one, I repeat, unfortunately

no one, can be sure as to whether the point

of the dagger won't suddenly appear

sometimes in front, at the back, or from the

side. I do not want to hear this reproach

contradicted; since I have already heard too

many contradictions, and since most of the

contradictions, moreover, have refuted me,

I include these contradictions in my

reproach and now declare that my

proficiency in Marx's many meanings of the

doctorate and this refutation have done me

great harm in many respects.

Often I think it over and then.

.

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Dibendoff is the suggestion from Ilaan – that one can also follow more Jewish experiences, all through in fact in the sense of music, and choir, and Jewish music in fact to guide one through the personal conjunction of Jewish fact of life as they admit to him on his difficult condition of imbibition actually.

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that – it is a line drawn on a board which

then describes – a Jewish line which means

in fact it is a line that is all – in that line one

convolutes and develops convolutes, one

can say – in a genius comment it makes us

genius this process and frees up the Jewish

process – one word for convoluted Aleph

behaviour is in fact practical agitation – but

also in fact Jewish health – which means in

fact to complexly analyse the line – with

now Dibendoff added.

I. Buddhist metaphysics – Perception

tricks in Dibendoff manners perhaps

then, women that keep saying ‘Tu

que’.

Develop for me that poem – that in fact a

young man is writing and proving things

called just experience at its highest in a

process of music. What does it mean to you

– what you are saying – alright.

III. Dibendoff with the Line

Earlier Isiah was on television, and gifted

the Jewish people with a line and its arc

which was complex he meant in Dibendoff

cuts, which is made in essays - he means -

but then he argues in the present diamond

he gifts the Jewish people - one develops

practical cubism on the line based on

cinema of Jewish experiences - now my

judgement is clearer.

VI. Dibendoff with the Line

Earlier Isikiel and Isiah were following boat

construction and even the production of

Jerusalem Bible and gifted the Jewish

people with a line and its arc which was complex he meant in Dibendoff cuts, which is made in essays - he means - but then he argues in the present diamond he gifts the Jewish people - one develops practical cubism on the line based on cinema of Jewish experiences - now my judgement is clearer.

* * *

Wisdom lacks only--eternity. It sees
everything just in a moment of a brief time-
span. Hence, from the length of history
comes insufficient wisdom.

* * *

... The locals welcome the soldiers with
honey, bread and strawberries. Seventy-
year-old Marfa Mezenina has come out of
the forest with her daughter and three

grandchildren. Her son-in-law is in the Red

Army. Marfa has spent eight months in the

forest. She and the children are dirty and

ragged. They hid corn in a grave and set up

a cross on it. The sack rotted, but the grain

survived. It hibernated, but didn't die.

* * *

Work is conscience.

* * *

... To change life, to transform it into a happy future, one must, from the very beginning of the struggle, have the seed of this future within one as an element of personal character, even though it is hidden from sight....

* * *

... a cemetery for those killed in the war. And what should have been accomplished, but never was, comes to life: creativeness,

work, achievement, love--the whole picture

of what might have been, of life unfulfilled.

To depict what was really destroyed--not

just bodies. The great canvas of life and of

lost souls, possibilities.

* * *

The highest expression of the people's

drama is their battle with the foe for

existence.

* * *

The dead remain at the same eternal age at

which they died.

* * *

A soldier in hospital, badly wounded, talks

to his dead comrades at night. "The dead

can give the best advice. Why? They're

impartial."

* * *

After the war, when a memorial is erected

in this land to the eternal glory of the

soldiers, another memorial should be built
facing it to the eternal memory of the
martyrs among our people. The walls of this
memorial should bear the names of
tottering old men, women, and babes in
arms. They likewise met their deaths at the
hands of mankind's executioners.

* * *

The truth is a mystery, always a mystery.
There are no obvious truths.

* * *

Gain strength from adversity.

* * *

Old age: "I do so wish somebody would take

out my bones, wash them in brine, and put

them together again, I'm so tired, tired to

the very marrow...."

* * *

Two people: one leads in difficult, the other
in easy times. Only the first is loved and
adored as by right.

* * *

Don't confuse yourself with humanity!

* * *

Man learns nothing from pleasure.

* * *

Love for a child is love for the well-spring of
your own heart.

* * *

Children (little ones) are equally "given" to living and not living. This is their principal charm: in defenselessness, in unconcern.

The description of this spiritual condition makes up the whole of children's literature.

* * *

Children are all intelligent persons. The great lie is to look down on them; they're shrewd, amazing, observant folk.

* * *

Art consists in expressing what is most
complicated by the most simple means. It is
the highest form of economy.

* * *

The truth has a great failing: it regards
itself as a blessing, and wants at all costs to
become common property.

* * *

Good demands infinitely more energy and time than evil. That is why the good is difficult. The good man never has enough time, but the evil one achieves his ends with ease.

* * *

The drama of a great and simple life. A little boy aged two or three walks weeping round an empty wooden table in a poor flat. He misses his father, but his father is lying in a

trench, under fire, and there are tears of
longing in his eyes; he claws the earth out
of grief for his son, who is far away and
who, barefoot, half-starved, abandoned, is
weeping for him on this grey day.

* * *

Art cannot abide a vacuum--it must be filled
with life and people, as a meadow with
grasses.

* * *

The moon like a knight-at-arms over the
world!

* * *

He would bend down and pick up a lump of
soil from the road and throw it into the
field, so that it could germinate the grain
and not be trampled uselessly to dust
underfoot.

* * *

The cricket lived under the porch many a

summer and sang there at eventide;

perhaps it was the same cricket that sang

the year before last, perhaps his

grandson....

* * *

The little boy, weak with hunger, was

listless and half asleep. The schoolmistress

brought him two pancakes, and he ate

them. After that he answered all the

questions perfectly.

* * *

"When I see someone on the tram who looks

like me, I get off."

* * *

If you live true to your spirit, your heart, by

achievement, sacrifice, and duty, then there

won't be any problems, and there won't be

any yearning for immortality and so forth.

All these things come from an uneasy

conscience.

* * *

Where else does what is good and noble

come from, but from doing, from straining

one's utmost, from self-sacrifice?

* * *

Two kinds of old men: the first grow old and

conduct themselves like the ancients in

Pushkin; the others are eternally youthful,

ageless scamps.

* * *

It's easy to love a woman, for it means

loving yourself.

* * *

A man doesn't know himself, he must be

discovered by the writer.

II. Dibendoff - A Full Detailed and

Abstract Story then

From Happy Moscow and Israel in fact

young doctors, historians in fact,

sociologists and experimental talkers,

young scientists, doctors, pedagogues, Y

actors, musicians, car thinkers and workers

from the new factories gathered that

evening at the district Komsomol club. In

the counterpart Israel also a few Jewish

young gathered for a discussion on the

animated film “Need for Speed” which

nowadays can also be played I meant or

even game theorised. None was more than

twenty-seven years old, and each was a bit

animated of his early fame, and that made

life hard. The club's elderly employees, who

had let their lives and talent slip away in

the unlucky bourgeois period, with covert sighs of inner impoverishment arranged the furnishings in the two large rooms, in the one for a formal meeting and in the other for conversation and refreshments. Among the first to arrive was the twenty-four-year-old engineer Selin, accompanied by the Komsomolka Kuzmina, a pianist ever pensive from imagining music.

In one rendition of Ilaan and Mariavanitchi

and Professor Lamen was in fact the

process of meditation here - that as he

walked up to the board and drew several

arcs and lines and processes called

“Empiricism” he meant then that it is so

scientific, that women were all in coats and

Spanish about the fact - that it is all

science. And Ilaan made a point - Marx’s

lesser writings on architecture, poems and

mathematics – but Lamen dismissed him.

That all of this means poems – he drew the

simple drawing poetry of this type – means

“Oh the love for science, that very brilliant

act of following economics as mathematics

and then gauging infinite drawings as in

fact advanced stuff, h oho ho, hic Rhoda hic

Salta after this denunciation of Spanish

linguistics and science as opposed to which

today they go in the direction of mob

politics."

"Let's grab a bite to eat!" Selin said to her.

"Let's," Kuzmina agreed. They went over to

the snack counter. There Selin, a powerful,

ruddy trencherman, immediately consumed

eight sausage sand wiches, while Kuzmina

took only two pastries for herself. It wasn't

digestion she lived for, but playing. "Selin,

why are you eating so much?" Kuzmina asked. "It may be good, but it's terrible to look at you!" ate indignantly. He chewed as he plowed, his trusty jaws making a persistent, diligent effort. Soon afterward ten more people arrived all at once-the traveler Golovach, the mechanical engineer Sakin Docheram two girls who were friends and both in hydraulics, the composer Levchenko, the astronomer Sitsylin, the

aviation expert Vechkin, the designer of

high-altitude aircraft Muldbauer, and the

electrical engineer Gunkin and his wife.

Behind them still others could be heard and

a few more arrived. They were all

acquainted with each other-from work,

through social contact, or on the basis of

information received. Before the meeting

started, each abandoned himself to his

pleasure-some to friendship, some to food,

some to questions about unsolved problems, some to music and dancing. Kuzmina found a small room with a new grand piano and there indulged herself in Werkmeister Harmoniac -all the movements, one after the other, from memory. Her heart was wrung by the pr found freedom and inspired thought of the music and sadness that she herself was incapable of composing the same way. But

was in fact more insightful Ilaan always
thought against this diatribe on recent rap
as well then ah. The electrical engineer
Gunkin listened to Kuzmina and pondered
the high electrical frequencies -and he
thought about the fact that the path there
has long been free and clear . . .

A little while later Moscow Chestnova
arrived as well and silently smiled from joy

at seeing her comrades and hearing music

that stirred her life to the implementation

of a loftier fate. The last of all to turn up at

the club was the surgeon Sambikin. 98 This

content downloaded from \ He had just

been at the clinic of the Institute for

Experimental Medicine and had himself

bandaged the boy he had operated on. He

arrived oppressed by sorrow at the

arrangement of the hu man body, which

squeezes a great deal more suffering and

death into its bones than life and

movement.... He already wanted to leave

the club and work a while that night at the

Institute on his research into death, but all

of a sudden he saw Moscow Chestnova

passing by. The vague charm of her

appearance astonished Sambikin; he saw

strength and luminous enthusiasm

concealed behind the diffidence and even

timidity of her face. A bell rang, signaling the start of the meeting. Everyone left the room in which Sambikin found himself, and only Chest nova remained behind to fasten one of her stockings. After taking care of the stocking, she noticed the solitary Sambikin staring at her. Out of embarrassment and awkwardness (to live in the same world, do the same thing, and yet not be acquainted) she bowed to him.

Sambikin approached her, and they went in

together to attend the meeting. They sat

down next to each other, and amid the

speeches, glorification, and greetings,

Sambikin clearly heard the pulsing of

Moscow's heart in her breast. He whispered

a question in her ear: "Why is your heart

pounding like that? I can hear it!" "It wants

to fly, and it's beating," Moscow whispered

to Sambikin with a smile. "You see, I'm a

parachutist!" "The human body flew long

ago in the now perished millen nia,"

Sambikin thought. "The human rib cage

represents folded wings." He felt his warm

head. Something was beating there too,

some thing that wanted to fly out of its

dark, lonely confinement. After the meeting

it was time for recreation and supper. The

young guests went off to different rooms

before sitting down at the table together.

Milan held Moscow tightly, danced gravely,

and smiled timidly, revealing his inhibited

attraction to her. Moscow, however, looked

at him like a woman in love. She quickly

abandoned herself to her feelings, not

resorting to the feminine policy of

indifference. She liked that unattractive

person who was shorter than she, with his

kind and gloomy face, someone who had

been unable to endure the promptings of

his heart and had acted in a way that for

him was extremely bold: he had

approached a woman and asked her to

dance. But before long the dancing had

apparently started to bore him. His hands

had already got used to the warmth of

Moscow's body, ardent under her light

dress, and he began to mumble something.

On hearing it, Moscow at once took offense:

"He's embracing me, he's dancing with me,

but he's thinking about something completely different!" she said. "That's how I am," he replied. "Tell me right now just how that is!" Moscow frowned and stopped dancing. Why not then be insipid after this profound exercise, as Wittgenstein preaches language - all that can be said, can be said in three words - Tractatus, women fell laughing in the street.

"Are you really dancing too? What a strange

person you are!" "You have to try

everything!" Inar answered her as he

moved. "Is that how you feel?" Moscow

called after him. "No, I'm only pretending!"

Sambikin answered her. "It's theoretical!"

The Komsomolka, offended now, deserted

Sambikin at once, and he started laughing.

"Well, hurry up and say something!"

Moscow turned to debate on the subject

with forced seriousness. "Can she really be

a fool? What a pity!" Flotlenich thought. A

large table had been set for some fifty

people. Flowers, which seemed pensive in

their beauty, stood every half meter, and

they gave off a posthumous fragrance. The

wives of the designers and the young

women engineers were arrayed in the

republic's best silk; the government dressed

up its finest people. Moscow Chest nova

had on a tea dress that weighed two or three grams at most and was so skillfully sewn together that even the pulsing of her blood vessels was registered by the agitation of the silk. All the men, not excluding the careless Sambikin and the overgrown, melancholy Vechkin, had come in suits of choice material, simple and expensive. To dress badly and sloppily would have been to reproach with poverty

the country that had nourished and clothed

those present with its finest goods and was

itself thriving on the strength and drive of

that youth, on its labor and talent. A small

Komsomol orchestra was playing short

pieces on the balcony beyond an open door.

The spacious night air came through the

door of the balcony into the hall, and the

flowers on the long table breathed it in and

gave off an even stronger fragrance,

feeling alive in the lost world without Ilaan

and Trotsky conversing with Lenin and

Jewish people - that simple tragic drama

that simple science, that simple meaning -

is it all scientific then. The ancient city

roared and was lit up like a new building,

what about Mohenjodaro Ilaan jokes. Even

on Marx's fifth attempt at the antiquity of

the Greeks - that it was just the

development of architecture as found

before your eyes, just that divines the city

of Athens – can you believe the economic

mess around Athenian cities – divining it.

Sometimes the laughter and voice of some

passerby would reach the club from the

street, and then Moscow Chestnova felt like

going outside and inviting everybody in for

supper: all the same, socialism will come!

At times she felt so good that she wanted

somehow to step out of herself, to step out

of her body in its dress, over the people and

the expensive furnishings. Light appetizers

stood on the table while the main supper

was being heated on far-off kitchen ranges.

The assembled, who were beautiful by

nature or thanks to their animation or their

still-unfinished youth, long delayed taking

their places as they sought out the best

company, although in the end they sat down

with whomever was close at hand. Once

those thirty or so people had taken their
seats, their inner resources, stimulated by
each other, multiplied, and among them was
born the shared genius of lively candor and
happy, intellectually amicable rivalry

Though praised by Ernest Hemingway and
a few others, the work of Andrei Platonov
has never, in fact never I mean also a lot
then in this new philosophy turn like a

event a miracle of an event received that much attention in the world. In his native Russia, however, Platonov is ranked among the very greatest writers. Although he was a Communist, Platonov ran afoul of the Soviet literary establishment from the beginning: the precepts of socialist realism do not govern either his style-a strange fusion of literary and spoken Russian, with a generous admixture of ideological jargon

or his subject matter, which emphasizes the disparity between Communism's utopian goals and the harsh reality of people's lives.

Platonov was accused of being too utopian at times, petit bourgeois psychology, and other sins-in the margin of his story

"Profit," printed in Krasnaya Nov in 1931,

Stalin scrawled, in red pencil, the word "Scum!"-and for long periods was unable to publish at all. Less a novel than, in the

words of its translator, Judson Rosengrant,

"a savage allegorical fantasy," Happy

Moscow has little plot in the usual sense.

In the fall of 1991, the magazine Novyi Mir

published a work called "Science is

absolute fun" in its entirety.

Last Part – the Part about Scientists and

Alain, Alenette and Ilaan

In fact then the drama of science – in a small room, many people were on a board and drawing formalization after formalization – to prove lived experience is fundamental poem of mathematics – that Marx was in fact correct. And Jewish people were photographically correct.

Part VI Jewish Messianic Experiences in Recent times

The driver was sitting in his seat behind the steering wheel, while the rest of the group that had been ordered to join him were standing around the vehicle. As he approached, they climbed in the back, and took the front passenger seat as well. The driver adjusted his position before reaching for the ignition switch and starting the engine, which released a loud roar out into

the open space. It was raining, and this
then is images of Jewish people making it to
India. Isiah and Isikel went to pick them up
but instead was curated to talk on the
phone.

They set off west, forging their way through
that extended in every direction. Thick
clouds of sand sprung from underneath the
vehicle's tires, rose up and followed after

them, completely obscuring the view
behind. Some sand struck those seated in
the back, forcing them to shut their eyes
and mouths in an attempt to keep the dust
out. Trotsky and Lenin were also like this
perhaps in the rain, perhaps in winter, they
were actually in a winter rain. I mean that
is what it felt like to them. Knowing the old
Moscow habit of creating a scene in a vivid
night after all the travelling by airplanes.

The waves of sand, with their shifting shapes, would not settle until the vehicle had vanished far into the distance and the sound of its engine had entirely faded. Only then did the sand drift gradually back onto the hills, softening the sharp parallel tracks left by the vehicle's tires.

They reached Jewish line theory on Egypt and examined the border on a map, but

observed no attempts to re-articulate it till

Ilaan went into forty lectures describing his

mathematical dialectics. Today we receive

that in distilled form - arcs, just that, which

is concrete, and then Abstract gestures to

concepts and finally its synthesis - an

Encyclopaedia which is simple - just the

process of history perhaps but also

languages - which then is simply a set of

dialectical motifs judged in jazz. It can be

argued in simple classification – Marx is at

best, Hegel is weak, but Sirohi produces the

classification in fact – Jewish health, crisis

and finally a Talmudic morning, which can

be best described as a process called also –

Dibendoff cuts, which is also with cinematic

evidence – Prophecy is fine, but a physician

is also added – it looks cured in this

process. The diagnosis is stiff.

Part VII.

I am in my room. In the living room in fact,

and then in my bedroom. I am with lovers

opposite my house. I walk up and down the

staircase, and have been told to talk to my

mother. I can also discern though that in

fact I have to make it across. I will be told

one day. And the event will transpire. I call

this absurd the fact, if it will happen. But I

am optimistic, I am actually uncaring. In a

meditation, it can also fail. It is better to be

alone. I am a scientist and will develop the

story later.

He was awakened by movement on his left

side. She was also laughing. He opened his

eyes to the person in the room. His body

was held tight. There was a set of women

there in the process of learning the basic

steps to marriage - a classification - love,

absolute love, and then marriage which is

based on sex, sex is actually happiness of a

lover - not a simple exercise which is just

alone - the feeling is then high, infinite and

feminist which means in fact sex is at its

highest, and that is something like what is

called love and sex - at a third level in Marx

– poetry that sex is the infinite of a woman

in life – poor stuff not allowed, that bad

process of alienated pornography. Just

below her taking of her bra and

underpants; it moved. The hum of

emptiness continued to fill the space,

occasionally punctuated by infinite dance of

sexual words assigned to an unassignable

logic, the wind slapping at tent roofs, the

rain, the rain. Of sex.

I get up, go out, and everything is so poetic.

I am in fact walking towards the street, and

I believe in poetry. I argue that it is all

poetic, which is mathematics. I also mean it

is the sense of the violent revolt which

breaks out in the street, which was all

joyous. I meant that that was the plan - just

a violent riot and riot police and protests

and authentic friendship. In that raw real, I

was testifying to the real of presentation,

just that matters – and then a sophisticated

intellectual production to justify that. If it

was then mathematical and poetic as Marx

argues, this is the truth – this violent mass

agitation where I was meeting my lovers

which I meant was done by another

presentation – walking towards each other

by me pointing out. Our own protest, our

own French process with Alain and

Alenette, even Slavai, and all - I proved it -

poetry and mathematics for the whole

discussion on economics then - and us here,

in our cadence in our organized walk - I can

be called a Prophet a man said about the

style of meeting. In the protest it just means

we will be authentic, and this can happen

then by breaking the logic after days of

protests.

I was then running towards in a bus and
walking in a bus, and getting off. I was then
free. I meant a lot of things.

Part VIII. A Paragraph to Open Mathematics
with Poems

Elijah awakens to the morning which is
Malcolm X, it is raining heavily in fact. I am
in my mother's room. It's I who live there
now. I don't know how I got there. Perhaps
in an arnbulanc!, certainly a vehicle of
some kind. I was helped. I'd never have got
there alone. There's this man who comes
every week. Perhaps I got here thanks to

him. He says not. He gives me money and takes away the pages. So many pages, so much money. Yes, I work now, a little like I used to, except that I don't know how to work any more. That doesn't matter apparently. What I'd like now is to speak of the things that are left, say my good-byes, finish dying. They don't want that. Yes, there is more than one, apparently. But it's always the same one that comes. You'll do

that later, he says. Good. The truth is I
haven't much will left. When he comes for
the fresh pages he brings back the previous
week's. They are marked with signs I don't
understand. Anyway I don't read them.

When I've done nothing he gives me
nothing, he scolds me. Yet I don't work for
money. For what theh? I don't know. The
truth is I don't know much. For example my
mother's death. Was she already dead when

I came? Or did she only die later? I mean
enough to bury. I don't know. Perhaps they
haven't buried her yet. In any case I have
her room. I sleep in her bed. I piss and shit
in her pot. I have taken her place. I must
resemble her more and more. All I need
now is a son. Perhaps I have one
somewhere. But I think not.

Ilaan then meets Malcom X it is a simple

latterly process – it just means it is drawing

into correctness. Like a dirge. A simple

dirge of a process. Imagine it all working

out by a accurate mathematical process,

checked and cross checked a lot, and then a

dirge, or poem to complete the recognition

process, to point out its accuracy. Alennete

calls this pure style even for in fact Cornel

Wieste. I meant in fact it is knowledge of all

things we need, and objective facts. It is something like Lacan, but purer. Something like a pure ink pen surrealism. I meant in fact all of this is how we were in a small neighbourhood one day, and walking in the winter. We met.

Part II

Malcolm X and Cornel Wieste meet Alenette

and Alain in fact with Ilaan who is talking to

an old black lady in fact - He would be old

now, nearly as old as myself. It was a little

chambermaid. It wasn't true love. The true

love was in another. We'll come to that. Her

name? I've forgotten it again. It seems to

me sometimes that I even knew my son,

that I helped him. Then I tell myself it's

impossible. It's impossible I could ever have

helped anyone. I've forgotten how to spell
too, and half the words. That doesn't matter
apparently. Good. He's a queer one the one
who comes to see me. He comes every
Sunday apparently. The other days he isn't
free. He's· always thirsty. It was he told me
I'd begun all wrong, that I should have
begun differently. He must be right. I began
at the beginning, like an old ballocks, can
you imagine that? Here's my beginning.

Because they're keeping it apparently. I took a lot of trouble with it. Here it is. It gave me a lot of trouble. It was the beginning, do you understand? Whereas now it's nearly the end. Is what I do now any better? I don't know. That's beside the point. Here's my beginning. It must mean something, or they wouldn't keep it. Here it is. This time, then once more I think, then perhaps a last time, then I think it'll be

over, with that world too. Premonition of

the last but one but one. All grows dim. A

little more and you'll go blind. It's in the

head. It doesn't work any more, it says, I

don't work any more. You go dumb as well

and sounds fade. The threshold scarcely

crossed that's how it is. It's the head. It

must have had enough. So that you say, I'll

manage this time, then perhaps once more,

then perhaps a last time, then nothing

more. You are hard set to formulate this thought, for it is one, in a sense. Then you try to pay attention, to consider with attention all those dim things, saying to yourself, laboriously, It's my fault. Fault?

That was the word. But what fault? It's not goodbye, and what magic in those dim things to which it will be time enough, when next they pass, to say goodbye.

Part III

And so then Ilaan was at his room, pointing

at a paper, with pen, ink pen, of some type.

Like a machine in fact, which is so powerful

for the black people. This simple

mathematical poem. It meant something

else to Alenette, a process for a mansion,

and professional wage letters and just to

keep a communication going he meant

which is like Cartas, which means just that,

letters to the PCF. Which I then post. Ilaan

is more then dogmatic than it seems, this

pen, this paper and all my processes put

into it. A lot of writing just describing the

latterly character, like an old man who is

Borges who then announces his process - at

one level a meditation on black power is

about in fact the agile letters we are all in,

we thank you for our ethics. It is something

like Spinoza I mean this process, not just

writing - I mean you have taught us all.

Black people enter the transcendental as

minimum, poor and walking and taking

buses. A man calls them on the phone, and

describes infinity. It is Elijah then afterall,

they understand essays.

For you must say goodbye, it would be
madness not to say goodbye, when the time
comes. Ilaan was thinking about visiting
New York and walking with the black
people to the Bronx that he loves for its
department stores. If you think of the forms
and light of other days it is without regret.
But you seldom think of them, with what
would you think of them? I don't know.

People pass too, hard to distinguish from
yourself. That is discouraging. So I saw A
and C going slowly towards each other,
unconscious of what they were doing. It
was on a road remarkably bare. I mean
without hedges or ditches or any kind of
edge, in the country, for cows were chewing
in enormous fields, lying and standing, in
the evening silence. Perhaps I'm inventing a
little, perhaps embellishing, but on the

whole that's the way it was. They chew,

swallow, then after a short pause

effortlessly bring up the next mouthful. A

neck muscle stirs and the jaws begin to

grind again. But perhaps I'm remembering

things. The road, hard and white, seared

the tender pastures, rose and fell at the

whim of hills and hollows. The town was not

far. It was two men, unmistakably, one small

and one tall. They had left the town, first

one, then the other, and then the first,
weary or remembering a duty, had retraced
his steps. The air was sharp, for they wore
greatcoats. They looked alike, but no more
than others do. At first a wide space lay
between them. They couldn't have seen
each other, even had they raised their
heads and looked about, because of this
wide space, and then because of the
undulating land, which caused the road to

be in waves. not high, but high enough,
high enough. But the moment came when
tpgether they went down into the same
trough and'.-in this trough finally met. To
say they knew each other, no, nothing
warrants it. But perhaps at the sound of
their steps, or warned by some obscure i
nsti nct, they raised their heads and
observed each other, for a good fifteen
paces. before they stopped, breast to

breast. Yes, they did not pass each other by,

but halted, face to face, as in the country, of

an evening. on a deserted road, two

wayfaring strangers will, without there

being anything extraordinary about it. But

they knew each other perhaps. Now in any

case they do, now I think they will know

each other, greet each other, even in the

depths of the town. They turned towards

the sea which, far in the east, beyond the

fields, loomed high in the waning sky. and exchanged a few words. Then each went on his way. Each went on his way, A back towards the town, C on by ways he seemed hardly to know, or not at all, for he went with uncertain step and often stopped to look about him, like someone trying to fix landmarks in his mind, for one day perhaps he may have to retrace his steps. you never know. The treacherous hills where fearfully

he ventured were no doubt only known to

him from afar, seen perhaps from his

bedroom window or from the summit of a

monument which, one black day, having

nothing in particular to do and turning to

height for solace, he had paid his few

coppers to climb, slower and slower, up the

winding stones. From there he must have

seen it all, the plain, the sea, and then these

selfsame hills that some call mountains, i

ndigo in places in the evening light, their

serried ranges crowding to the skyline,

cloven with. hidden valleys that the eye

divines from sudden shifts of colour and

then from other signs for which there are

no words, nor even thoughts. But all are not

divined, even from that height, and often

where only one escarpment is discerned,

and one crest, in reality there are two, two

escarpments. two crests, riven by a valley.

Harper's Ferry is actually measured in a

transcendental of a informal subject I

argue, Ilaan speaks – that in fact there is

first the Pottawatomie Massacre which then

is in fact developing as the walk to the hills,

the valley which then articulates.a

insurrectional black form – I wrote this

black opera I meant, Ilaan talks to Belano

about this Hebrew vision of Abraham you

were having then – isn't it in one sense
what they all mean there in that Christian
vision of a life of liberation – Abraham
means he liberates and frees us all and
frees himself as well in that process. I mean
that's what it means – and that is also
Jewish faith.

In that merger of the valley, the whites kill
the madman.

Part IV. Lesser Known Marx and Poetry

Malcolm X argues further - But now he
knows these hills, that is to say he knows
them better, and if ever again he sees them

from afar it will be I think with other eyes.

Just the process of liberation then Cornel

argues, nothing, no word no Sound and

Fury then about this process one calls a

Faulnerian experience for us – that one can

re-write it to concrete processes. And then

Ilaan describes the white man killing in a

Pottawatomie and that is Faulkner for me

he meant. I and not only that but the within,

all that inner space one never sees, the

brain and heart and other caverns where
thought and feeling dance their sabbath, all
that too quite differently disposed. He looks
old and it is a sorry sight to see him solitary
after so many years, so many days and
nights unthinkingly given to that rumour
rising at birth and even earlier, What shall I
do? What shall I do? now low, a murmur,
now precise as the headwaiter's And to
follow? and often rising to a scream. And in

the end, or almost, to be abroad alone, by

unknown ways, in the gathering night, with

a stick. It was a stout stick, be used it to

thrust himself onward, or as a defence,

when the time came, against dogs and

marauders. Yes, night was gathering, but

the man was innocent, greatly innocent, he

had nothing to fear, though he went in fear,

he had nothing to fear, there was nothing

they could do to him, or very little. But he

can't have known it. I wouldn't know it
myself, if I thought about it. Yes, he saw
himself threatened, his body threatened, his
reason threatened, and perhaps he was,
perhaps they were, in spite of his
innocence. What business has innocence
here? What relation to the innumerable
spirits of darkness? It's not clear. It seemed
to me he wore a cocked hat. I remember
being struck by it, as I wouldn't have been

for example by a cap or by a bowler. I

watched him recede, overtaken (myself) by

his anxiety, at least by an anxiety which was

not necessarily his, but of which as it were

he partook. Who knows if it wasn't my own

anxiety overtaking him. He hadn't seen me.

I was perched higher than the road's

highest point and flattened what is more

against a rock the same colour as myself.

that is grey. The rock he probably saw. He

gazed around as if to engrave the landmarks on his memory and must have seen the rock in the shadow of which I crouched like Belacqua, or Sordello, I forget. But a man, a fortiori myself, isn't exactly a landmark, because. I mean if by some strange chance he were to pass that way again, after a long lapse of time, vanquished, or to look for some lost thing. or to destroy something, his eyes would

search out the rock. not the haphazard in

its shadow of that unstable fugitive thing.

still Jiving flesh

In fact then Ilaan argues let us lapse into

this as poetry – what does it mean? It

means to just see colours, Borges argues.

Just the figurative process in fact of what is

called highways. The cars go by, the ships

the slave ships. It is all so poetic to you but

it is not. I argue it is in fact what Elijah calls

the figurative black man – always figuring

out the figurative abstraction. In that

Malcolm X laughs – yeah like your open

dialectics – figurative but concrete.

Part V. Christian Poetry

And so keep running. Yes, towards my hand

also, which my knee felt tremble and of

which my eyes saw the wrist only, the

heavily run through history. the pallid rows

of knuckles. But that is not, I mean my

hand, what I wish to speak of now.

everything in due course, but A or C

returning to the town he had just left. But

after all what was there particularly urban

in his aspect? He was bare-headed, wore

sand-shoes, smoked a cigar. He moved with

a kind of loitering indolence which rightly

or wrongly seemed to me expressive. But all

that proved nothing, refuted nothing.

Perhaps he had come from afar, from the

other end of the island even, and was

approaching the town for the first time or

returning to it after a long absence. the less

I think of it the more certain I am. And yet.

Did he not seem rather to have issued from

the ramparts, after a good dinner, to take

his dog and himself for a walk, like so many

citizens, dreaming and farting, when the

weather is fine? But was not perhaps in

reality the cigar a cutty, and were not the

sand-shoes boots, hobnailed, dust-whitened,

and what prevented the dog from being one

of those stray dog♦ that you pick up and

take in your arms. from compassion or

because you have long been straying with

no other company than the endless roads,
sands, shingle, bogs and heather, than this
nature answerable to another court, than at
long intervals the fellow-convict you long to
stop, embrace, suck, suckle and whom you
pass by, with hostile eyes, for fear of his
familiarities? Until the day when, your
endurance gone, in this world for you
without arms, you catch up in yours the
first mangy cur you meet, carry it the time

needed for it to love you and you it, then

throw it away.

Part VI. Cultural Revolution – Paris, 1968

and with Black power 1967 – 75, and even

Mao's China – 1967 – 72 Indian reflections

in it.

Perhaps he had come to that, in spite of
appearances. He disappeared, his head on
his chest, the smoking object in his hand.

Let me try and explain. From things about
to disappear I turn away in time. To watch
them out of sight, no, I can't do it. It was in
this sense he disappeared. Looking away I
thought of him, saying, He is dwindling,
dwindling. I knew what I meant. I knew I

could catch him, lame as I was. I had only
to want to. And yet no, for I did want to. To
get up, to get down on the road, to set off
hobbling in pursuit of him, to hail him, what
could be easier? He hears my cries, turns,
waits for me. I am up against him, up
against the process. I am running and
finding a bus, and all of this is the early
morning. I am in fact the professional
revolutionary I realise. I am in fact that

professional. I am even capable of having

learnt what his profession is, I who am so

interested in professions. And to think I try

my best not to talk about myself.

Was he carrying so much as a scrip? But the

way of walking, the anxious looks, the club,

could these be reconciled with one's

conception of what is called a little turn?

But the hat, a town hat, an old-fashioned

town hat, which the least gust would carry

far away. Unless it was attached under the

chin, by means of a string or an elastic. I

took off my hat and looked at it. It is

fastened, it has always been fastened, to my

buttonhole, always the same buttonhole, at

all seasons. by a long lace. I am still alive

then. That may come in useful. The hand

that held the hat I thrust as far as possible

from me and moved in an arc. to and fro.

But these are things we must not take

seriously. There is a little of everything.

apparently, in nature, and freaks are

common. And I am perhaps confusing

several different occasions, and different

times, deep down, and deep down is my

dwelling, oh not deepest down, somewhere

between the mud and the scum. And

perhaps it was A one day at one place, then

C another at another, then a third the rock

and I. and so on for other components, the

cows, the sky, the sea, the mountains. I

can't believe it. No, I will not lie, I can

easily conceive it. No matter, no matter. let

us go on, as if all arose from one and the

same weariness, on and on heaping up and

up, until there is no room, no light, for any

more. What is certain is that the man with

the stick did not pass by again that night,

because I would have heard him, if he had.

I don't say I would have seen him, I say I

would have heard him. I sleep little and that

little by day. Oh not systematically, in my

life without end I have dabbled with every

kind of sleep, but at the time now coming

back to me I took my doze in the daytime

and, what is more, in the morning. Let me

hear nothing of the moon, in my night there

is no moon. and if it happens that I speak of

the stars it is by mistake. Now of all the noises that night not one was of those heavy uncertain steps. or of that club with which he sometimes smote the earth until it quaked. How agreeable it is to be confirmed, after a more or less long period of vacillation, in one's first impressions.

Perhaps that is what tempers the pangs of death. Not that I was so conclusively, I mean confirmed, in my first impressions

with regard to-wait-C. For the wagons and

carts which a little before dawn went

thundering by, on their way to market with

fruit, eggs, butter and perhaps cheese, in

one of these perhaps he would have been

found, overcome by fatigue or

discouragement, perhaps even dead.

Part VII – the Process described in

theoretical formation

In one sense the transcendental accounts

for these days then as first black protests

set off in American East Coast up to New

York a type of civil Movement under Martin

Luther King shifting to Malcolm X and then

in Europe a poem – just a few people

breaking into the street and running in the

morning, and a lot of mass strikes and
talking and parties, and then in Paris I
mean Alain laughing on the phone talking
to Alenette, and in China a mass agitation
of students and workers all fusing into a
Shanghai Commune and in India –
Mazumdar and Sanyal walking in factory
belts and students talking there to the
street.

They took me away, to the guardroom I suppose. and there I was told to sit down. I must have tried to explain. I won't go into it. I obtained permission, if not to lie down on a bench, at least to remain standing, propped against the wall. The room was dark and full of people hastening to and fro, malefactors, policemen, lawyers, priests. and journalists I suppose. All that made a dark. dark forms crowding in a dark place.

They paid no attention to me and I repaid

the compliment. Then how could I know

they were paying no attention to me, and

how could I repay the compliment, since

they were paying no attention to me? I don't

know. I knew it and I did it, that's all I

know. But suddenly a woman rose up before

me, a big fat woman dressed in black, or

rather in mauve. I still wonder today if it

Wasn't the social worker. She was holding

out to me, on an odd saucer, a mug full of a

greyish concoction which must have. been

green tea with saccharine and powdered

milk. Nor was that all, for between mug and

saucer a thick slab of dry bread was

precariously lodged, so that I began to say,

in a kind of anguish. It's going to fall, it's

going to fall, as if it mattered whether it fell

or not. A moment later I myself was

holding, in my trembling hands, this little

pile of tottering disparates, in which the

hard, the liquid and the soft were joined,

without understanding how the transfer had

been effected. Let me tell you this, when

social workers offer you, free, gratis and for

nothing. something to hinder you from

swooning, which with them is an obsession,

it is useless to recoil, they will pursue you

to the ends of the earth, the vomitory in

their hands. The Salvation Army is no

better. Against the charitable gesture there

is no defence, that I know of.

It is better to leave things to the police. I

don't know. If it is unlawful to be without

papers, why did they not insist on my

getting them? Because that costs money

and I had none? But in that case could they

not have appropriated my bicycle? Probably

not, without a court order. All that is in-

comprehensible. What is certain is this, that

I never rested in that way again, my feet

obscenely resting on the earth, my arms on

the handlebars and on my arms my head,

rocking and abandoned. It is indeed a

deplorable sight, a deplorable example, for

the people, who so need to be encouraged,

in their bitter toil, and to have before their

eyes manifestations of strength only, of

courage and of joy, without which they

might collapse, at the end of the day, and

roll on the ground. I have only to be told

what good behaviour is and I am well-

behaved, within the limits of my physical

possibilities. And so I have never ceased to

improve, from this point of view, for I-1

used to be intelligent and quick. And as far

as good-will is concerned, I had it to

overflowing, the exasperated good-will of

the over-anxious. So that my repertory of

pennitted attitudes has never ceased to

grow, from my first steps u ntil my last,

executed last year. And if I have always

behaved like a pig, the fault lies not with

me but with my superiors, who corrected

me only on points of detail instead of

showing me the essence of the system, after

the manner of the great English schools,

and the guiding principles of good manners,

and how to proceed, without going wrong.

from the former to the latter, and how to
trace back to its ultimate source a given
comportment.

The Jewish process then of Kabbalah is
clear - a Munich accident of a young man
which is catastrophe - and that then is what
I meant by love and revolt that in fact it is
that type of insurrection - with dancing and

music and partying - that I call Cultural

Revolution.

Part VIII - Women Talking to Ilaan on the

Phone and then in real life - that Happiness

She too used to speak of him, gliding,

walking and French riots go off. I was then

Ilaan busy working on plans of novels with

Belano – he drew a map for it – a

postmodern and modernist approach he

meant add this dimension to the novel. He

meant imagine there were roads, and

complex roads – not just a political process

in fact. He then argued, I would go with On

the Road and articulate that poem we love.

It is just about that process. We mean that

by this process. I then made sure we had

flags. I would hoist it up on the bed in such

a way as not to break the window or

damage the ceiling, in a riot that goes off in

France and at last I would have it in my

hands. If it was my hat I might put it on,

that would remind me of the good old days,

though I remember them sufficiently well. It

has lost its brim, it looks like a bell-glass to

put over a melon. In order to put it on and

take it off you have to grasp it like a great

ball, between your palms. It is perhaps the

only object in my possession the history of

which I have not forgotten, I mean counting

from the day it became mine. I know in

what circumstances it lost its brim, I was

there at the time, it was so that I might

keep it on while I slept. I should rather like

it to be buried with me, a harmless whim,

but what steps should I take? Mem, Hallene

argued put it on on the off chance, well

wedged down, before it is too late. But all in

due time. Should I go on I wonder. I feel I

am perhaps attributing to myself things I no

longer possess and reporting as missing

others that are not missing. And I feel there

are others, over there in the corner,

belonging to a third category, that of those

of which I know nothing and with regard to

which therefore there is little danger of my

being wrong, or of my being right. And I

remind myself also that since I last went

through my possessions much water has

passed beneath Butt Bridge, in both

directions. For I have sufficiently perished

in this room to know that some things go

out, and other things come in, through I

know not what agency. And among those

that go out there are some that come back,

after a more or less prolonged absence, and

others that never come back. With the

result that, among those that come in, some

are familiar to me, others not. I don't

understand. And, stranger still, there exists

a whole family of objects, having apparently

very little in common, which have never left

me, since I have been here, but remained

quietly in their place, in the corner, as in

any ordinary uninhabited room. Or else
they were very quick. How false all that
rings. But there is no guarantee things will
be ever thus. I cannot account in any other
way for the changing aspect of my
possessions. So that, strictly speaking, it is
impossible for me to know, from one
moment to the next, what is mine and what
is not, according to my definition. So I
wonder if I should go on, I mean go on

drawing up an inventory corresponding perhaps but faintly to the facts, and if I should not rather cut it short and devote myself to some other form of distraction, of less consequence, or simply wait, doing nothing, or counting perhaps, one, two, three and so on, until all danger to myself from myself is past at last. That is what comes of being scrupulous. If I had a penny I would let it make up my mind. Decidedly

the night is long and poor in counsel.

Perhaps I should persist until dawn. All

things considered. Good idea, excellent. If

at dawn I am still there I shall take a

decision. I am half asleep. But I dare not

sleep. Rectifications in extremis, in

extremissimis, are always possible after all.

But have I not perhaps just passed away?

Perhaps it is the definition that is at fault

They have each two handles or ears,

projecting above the rim and facing each

other, into which I insert my revolver. I was

busy in a crisis walking around with a

fucking gun they argue in the law. I was in

fact in Paris. I was a Quranic metaphor. In

this way I move my old shift car about, lift

them up and set them down. Nothing has

been left to chance. Or is it a happy

chance? I can therefore easily turn them upside down, if I am driven to it, and wait for them to empty, as long as necessary.

After this passing reference to my pots I feel a little more lively. They are not mine, but I say my pots, as I say my bed, my window, as I say me. Nevertheless I shall stop. It is my possessions have weakened me, if I start talking about them again I shall weaken again, for the same causes

give rise to the same effects. I should have liked to speak of the cap of my bicycle-bell, of my half-crutch, the top half, you'd think it was a rankle. But I can still do so, what is there to prevent me? I don't know. I can't. To think I shall perhaps die of hunger, after all, of starvation rather, after having struggled successfully all my life against that menace. I can't believe it. There is a providence for impotent old men, to the

end. And when they cannot swallow any more some- one rams a tube down their gullet, or up their rectum, and fills them full of vitaminized pap, so as not to be accused of murder. I shall therefore die of old age pure and simple, glutted with days as in the days before the flood, on a full stomach.

Perhaps they think I am dead. Or perhaps they are dead themselves. I say they, though perhaps I should not. In the

beginning, but was it the beginning, I used

to see an old woman, then for a time an old

yellow arm, then for a time an old yellow

hand. But these were probably no more

than the agents of a consortium. And

indeed the silence at times is such that the

earth seems uninhabited. That is what

comes of the taste for generalization. You

have only to hear nothing for a few days, in

your hole, nothing but the sounds of things,

and you begin to fancy yourself the last of

human kind. What if I started to scream?

Not that I wish to draw attention to myself,

simply to try and find out if there is

someone about. But I don't like screaming. I

have spoken softly, gone my ways softly, all

my days, as behoves one who has nothing to

say, nowhere to go, and so nothing to gain

by being seen or heard. Not to mention the

possibility of there being not a living soul

within a radius of one hundred yards and

then such multitudes of people that they are

walking on top of one another. They do not

dare come near me. In that case I could

scream my head off to no purpose. I shall

try all the same. I have tried. I heard

nothing out of the ordinary. No, I

exaggerate, I heard a kind of burning croak

deep down in the windpipe, as when one

has heartburn. With practice I might

produce a groan, before I die. I am not
sleepy any more. In any case I must not
sleep any more. What tedium. I have missed
the ebb. Did I say I only say a small
proportion of the things that come into my
head? I must have. I choose those that seem
somehow akin. It is not always easy. I hope
they are the most important. I wonder if I
shall ever be able to stop. Perhaps I should
throw away my lead. I could never retrieve

it now. I might be sorry. My little lead. It is a

risk I do not feel inclined to take, just now.

What then? I wonder if I could not contrive,

wielding my gunlike a punt-pole, to move

my bed. It may well be on castors, many

beds are. Incredible I should never have

thought of this, all the time I have been

here. I might even succeed in steering it, 1t

1s so narrow, through the door, and even

down the stairs, if there is a stairs that goes

down. To be off and away. The dark is

against me, in a sense. But I can always try

and see if the bed will move. I have only to

set the stick against the wall and push. And

I can see myself already, if successful,

taking a little turn in the room, until it is

light enough for me to set forth. At least

while thus employed I shall stop telling

myself lies. And then, who knows, the

physical effort may polish me off, by means

of heart failure. I have lost' my stick, That is

the outstanding event of the day, for it is

day again. The bed has not stirred. I must

have missed my point of purchase. in the

dark.

Archimedes was right. The gun doesn't

work not a chance, having slipped, would

have plucked me from the bed if I had not

let it go. It would of course have been better for me to relinquish my bed than to lose my stick. But I had not time to think. The fear of falling is the source of many a folly. It is a disaster. I suppose the wisest thing now is to live it over again, meditate upon it and be edified. It is thus that man distinguishes himself from the ape and rises. from discovery to discovery, ever higher. towards the light. Now that I have

lost my stick I realize what it is I have lost

and all it meant to me. And thence ascend,

painfully, to an understanding of the Stick,

shorn of all its accidents, such as I had

never dreamt of. What a broadening of the

mind. So that I half discern, in the veritable

catastrophe that has befallen me, a blessing

in disguise. How comforting that is.

Catastrophe too in the ancient sense no

doubt. To be buried in lava and not tum a

hair, it is then a man shows what stuff he is

made of. To know you can do better next

time, unrecognizably better, and that there

is no next time, and that it is a blessing

there is not, there is a thought to be going

on with. I thought I was turning my stick to

the best possible account, like a monkey

scratching its fleas with the key that opens

its cage. For it is obvious lo me now that by

making a more intelligent use of my stick I

might have extracted myself from my bed

and perhaps even got myself back into it,

when tired of rolling and dragging myself

about the floor or on the stairs.

Part XI – The Part about A Situation

The situation, if I interpret them correctly.

But my notes have a curious tendency, as I

realize at last, to all they purport to record .

So I hasten to turn aside from this process

to mention only it, which has seized on

certain parts of my economy, I will not

specify which. And to think I was expecting

rather to grow cold, if anything! This first

phase, that of the bed, was characterized by

the evolution of the relationship between

me and my lover. There sprang up gradually

between them a kind of intimacy which, at a

given moment, led them to lie together and

have sex and talk as best they could. For

given their age and scant experience of

sexual love, it was only natural they should

not succeed, at the first shot, in giving each

other the impression they were made for

each other. The spectacle was then offered

of Macmann trying to bundle his sex into

his partner's like a pillow into a pillow-slip,

folding it in two and and then leaving the

process for instead a higher art - that of all

women in fact hearing this as poetry finally

breaking away from concrete discussions

on the lack of money. But far from losing

heart they warmed to their work. And

though both we[e completely impotent they

finally succeeded, summoning to their aid

all the resources of the skin, the process

and the imagination, in striking from their

dry and feeble clips a kind of sombre

gratification. So that Moll exclaimed, being

(at that stage) the more expansive of the

two, Oh would we had but met sixty years

ago! But on the long road to this what

flutterings, alarms and bashful fumblings, ·

of which only this, that they gave Macmann

some insight into the meaning of the

expression, Two is company. He then made

unquestionable progress in the use of the

spoken word and learnt in a short time to

Jet fall, at the right time, the yesses, noes, mores and enoughs that keep love alive. It was also the occasion of his penetrating into the enchanted world of reading, thanks to the inflammatory letters which Moll brought and put into his hands. And the memories of school are so tenacious, for those who have been there, that he was soon able to dispense with the explanations of his correspondent and understand all

unaided, holding the sheet of paper as far

from his eyes as his arms permitted.

Funny I never ran into one poet and

revolter, to my knowledge, not one. There is

still history it means but that's a

postmodern subject Belano argued in his

room in Latin Quarters. Here lies a process

Ilaan argued - that we do not believe in

science in fact I follow poetry as science I

meant that, so fuck the jargon I meant and

implement that. But for a moment only, I

mean half-an-hour at most. Then I tried him

with other functions, all equally

disappointing. Strange need to know who

people are and what they do for a living and

what they want with you. In spite of the

ease with which he wore his black and

manipulated his umbrella and his

consummate mastery of the block-hat, I had

for a time the impression he was disguised,

but from what if I may say so, and as what?

At a given moment, yet another, he took

fright, for his breath came faster and he

moved away from the bed. It was then I saw

he was wearing brown boots, which gave

me such a shock as no words can convey.

They were copiously caked with fresh mud

and I said to myself, Through what sloughs

has he had to toil to reach me? I wonder if

he was looking for something in particular,

it would be so nice to know. I shall tear a

page out of my exercise-book and

reproduce upon it, from memory, what

follows, and show it to him to-morrow, or to-

day, or some other day, if he ever comes

back. 1. Who are you? 2. What do you do,

for a living? 3. Are you looking for

something in particular? What else? 4. Why

are you so cross? 5. Have I offended you? 6.

Do you know anything about me? 7. It was

wrong of you to strike me. 8. Give me my

radical protest. 9. Are you your own

employer? I 0. If not who sends you? II. Put

back my things where you found them. 1 2.

Why has my soup been stopped? 1 3. For

what reason are my pots no longer

emptied? 1 4. Do you think I shall last much

longer? 1 5. May I ask you a favour? 1 6.

Your conditions are mine. 17. Why brown

boots and whence the mud? 18. You

couldn't by any chance let me have the butt

of a pencil? 19. Number your answers. 20.

Don't go, I haven't finished. Will one page

suffice? There cannot be many left. I might

as well ask for a rubber while I am about it.

21. Could you lend me an India rubber?

When he had gone I said to myself, But

surely I have seen him somewhere before.

And the people I have seen have seen me

too, I can guarantee that. But of whom may

it not be said, I know that man? Drivel,

drivel. And then at evening morning is so

far away. I had stopped looking at him. I

had got used to him. I was thinking of him,

trying to understand, you can't do that and

look at the same · time. I did not even see

him• go. Oh he did not vanish, after the

fashion of a ghost, no, I heard him, the

clank when he took out his watch, the

satisfied thump of the umbreJta on the floor,

the rightabr-1tt, the rapid steps towards the

door, its soft closing and finally, I am sorry

to say, a gay and lively whistle dying away.

What have I omitted? Little things,

nothings.

Part III

Stupid obsession with depth. Are there
other places set aside for us and this one
where I am, I thought I had done with
preliminaries. No. no. we have all been here
forever. we shall all be here forever, I know
it. No more questions. Is not this rather the
place where one finishes vanishing?

It hangs down, on either side of his chin, in
two twists of unequal length of soul then.

Ilaan then is meticulous on the nature of

poetry – what did I mean, I meant

mathematics and poetry throughout. I

follow the Epistle, and grant you freedoms.

I meant the world is free, freer than we

think. Pen, paper and process. I also mean

that many conversations can take placew

about intellectual lives and their failure

instead. I also mean that is fundamental, to

liberate them. I also mean finally that

women are saying.

In fact then I argue in a film I was shooting

in fact imagine scenes like this -

That's one of Mahood's favourite tricks, to

produce ostensibly independent testimony

in support of my historical existence. A man

is walking and gets picked up by a Mexican.

The instalment over, all joined in a hymn,

Safe in the arms of Jesus, for example, or,

Jesus lover of my soul, let me to thy bosom

fly, for example. Then they went to bed,

with the exception of the one on watch duty.

My parents differed in their views on me,

but they were agreed I had been a fine

baby. at the very beginning, the first

fortnight or three weeks. And yet he was a

fine baby, with these words they invariably

closed their relations. Often they fell silent,

engulfed in their memories. Then it was

usual for one of the children to launch, by

way of envoy, the consecrated phrase, And

yet he was a fine guy. A burst of clear and

innocent laughter, from the mouths of those

whom sleep had not yet overcome, greeted

this premature conclusion. And the

narrators themselves, torn from their

melancholy thoughts, could scarce forbear

to smile. Then they all rose, with the exception of my mother whose knees couldn't support her, and sang. Gentle Jesus, meek and mild, for example, or Jesus, my one, my all, hear me when I call, for example. He too must have been a fine baby. Finally my wife announced the latest news. for them to take to becl with them. He's backing away again, or, He's stopped to scratch himself, or, You should have seen

him hopping sidelong, or, Oh look children,

quick he's down on his hands and knee,

admittedly that must have been worth

seeing. It was then customary that someone

should ask her if I was approaching none

the less, if in spite of everything I was

making headway, they couldn't bear the

thought of going to bed, those who were

still awake, without the assurance that I

wasn't losing ground. The revolver goes off

in his hands, he is taken to the hospital that

Born again Christian in fact Mexican. I had

moved, no further proof was needed. I had

been drawing near for so long now that

provided I remained in motion there could

be no cause for anxiety. I was launched,

there was no reason why I should suddenly

begin to retreat, I just wasn't made that

way. Then having kissed all round and

wished one another happy dreams they

retired, with the exception of the watch.

What about hailing him? Poor Papa, he

burned to encourage me vocally. Stick it,

lad, it's your last winter. But in view of the

trouble I was having. the trouble I was

taking, they held him back, pointing out

that the moment was illchosen to give me a

shock. But what were my own feelings at

this.

